

Why doeth the worlde carke and care, for gloyp that is hayne
Whose welth departeth for euermore, and wyl not come agayne
Whose power so sone is ouerthrowen, and fallerh in decaye
As doeth the pottē which we se made, of byttell mouldē and aspe.

Do soner trusse the letters topyten, bpon the meltringe ple
Then flatterīg chaunce of worldey gyftes, vnconstaunt as the dysse
A tych forgeth byce in bertues place, moch myschiese to procure
Who can be certayne here to lyeue, one mynute of an houre.

Tell, where is noble Salomon, in wytte whych dyd excell
Or a bsalon the beavoty full, of whom olde stoures tell.
Or where is Sampson great and strong, vnable to be wonne
Or Jonathas the pleasauntst man, that ragned vnder the sunne.

Wher is Cesar that mighty Prince, whych ruled East and weste
Or Drues that bellowe God, whych sent both fowle and beaste
Whar is become of Cicero, that could so well declame
Or wher is learned Aristotle that nowe doeth beare the name

It is noble me a rulers both, thus tyme which passeth away (dave
Elus kirges whych had theyr holdes ful strong to kepe them nyght &
Thus princes once whych were of might, & with great power dyd flo
In the twinkling of an eye, for euermore doth perishe (riche

In howe short space doth slippe awayne, these worldey pleasures all
As halowes or soch vanities, whych sone doth lye and fall
Reducinge vs from heauenly gyftes, whych doeth for vs remayne
And leade vs to thynges, whych are vngodly by'e and bayne

Or meat for wormes, Or dewe sone melted, Or clotte of byttle clare
Wher doest thou trust still to possesse, that whych wyl sone decaye
Thou canst not tel whar shal become, of the to morowe nexte
Therefore do good by thy lyfe tyme, let none of the be bette.

For as the leafe whych with the wynde, we see dryuen to and fro
So shal thy pryde and gorgious fare, be purte awayne also
Wher is become thy proude carcass, whych thou thoughtest freshe and gaye
In scripture lpyened to the flower, that springeth in the maye.

Thinke nothinge thine that thou mayst lose, nor trust to kepe it still
For that thou hast by worldey chaunce, it fayleth when it wyl
Wherfore to learthe immortall thynges, se that thou do demyse
The man is blest that can and wyl, these worldey gyftes despyse.